



FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.

FAREWEL to LOCHABER, farewel to my JEAN,
 Where heartsome with thee, I have mony days been;
 For LOCHABER no more, LOCHABER no more,
 We'll may-be, return to LOCHABER no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas, to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to LOCHABER no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest, like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease inglorious no fame is gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And, losing thy favour, I'd better not be.
 I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,
 And should I chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee, with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and LOCHABER no more.

Farewel to Lochaber.

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Affettuoso

Farewel to Loch_a_ber; farewel to my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I have

mony days been; For Loch_a_ber no more, Loch_a_ber no more, We'll may be re-

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